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MANY ARE THE HEARTS

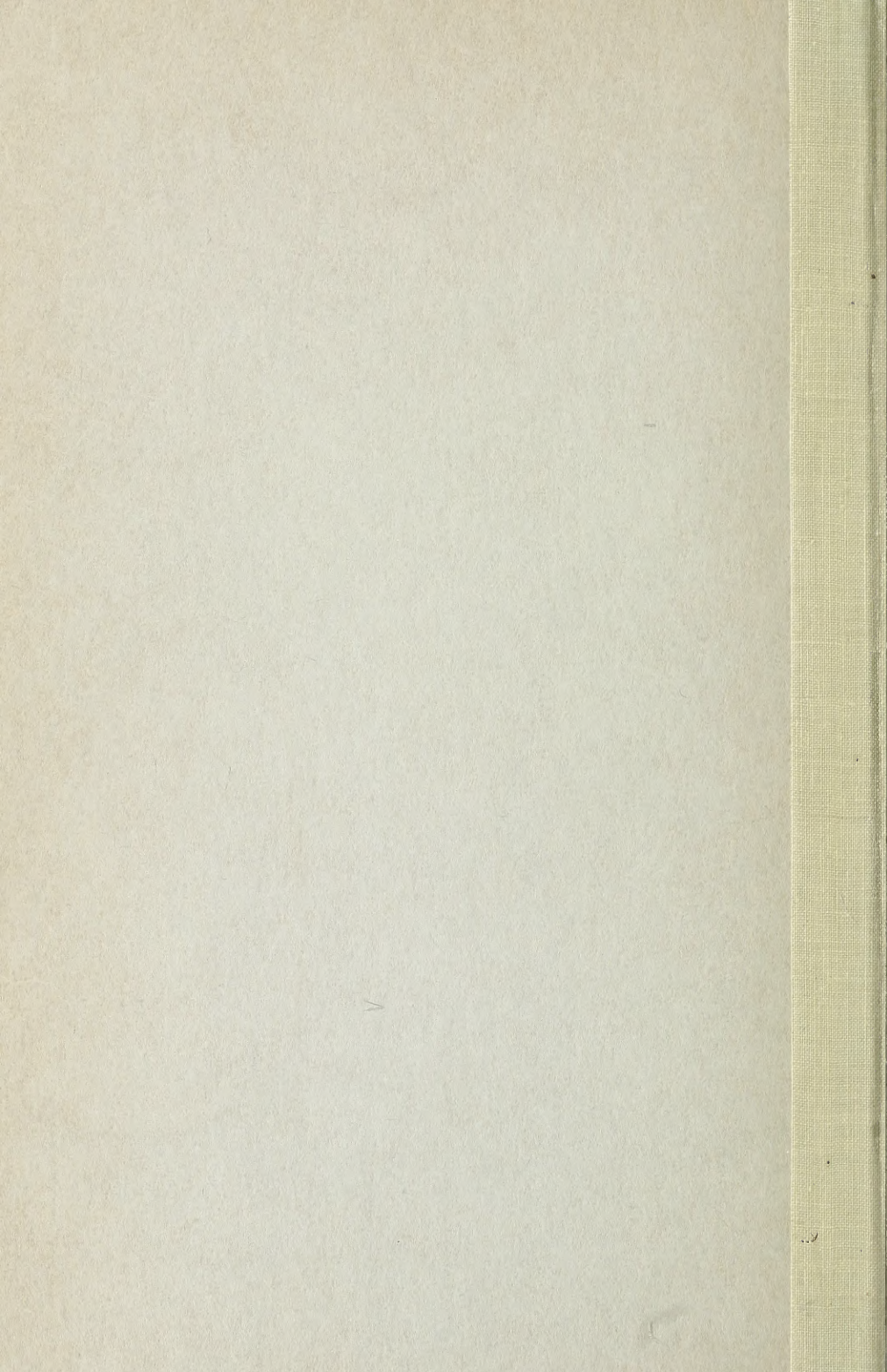
by

Manly Wade Wellman

NC

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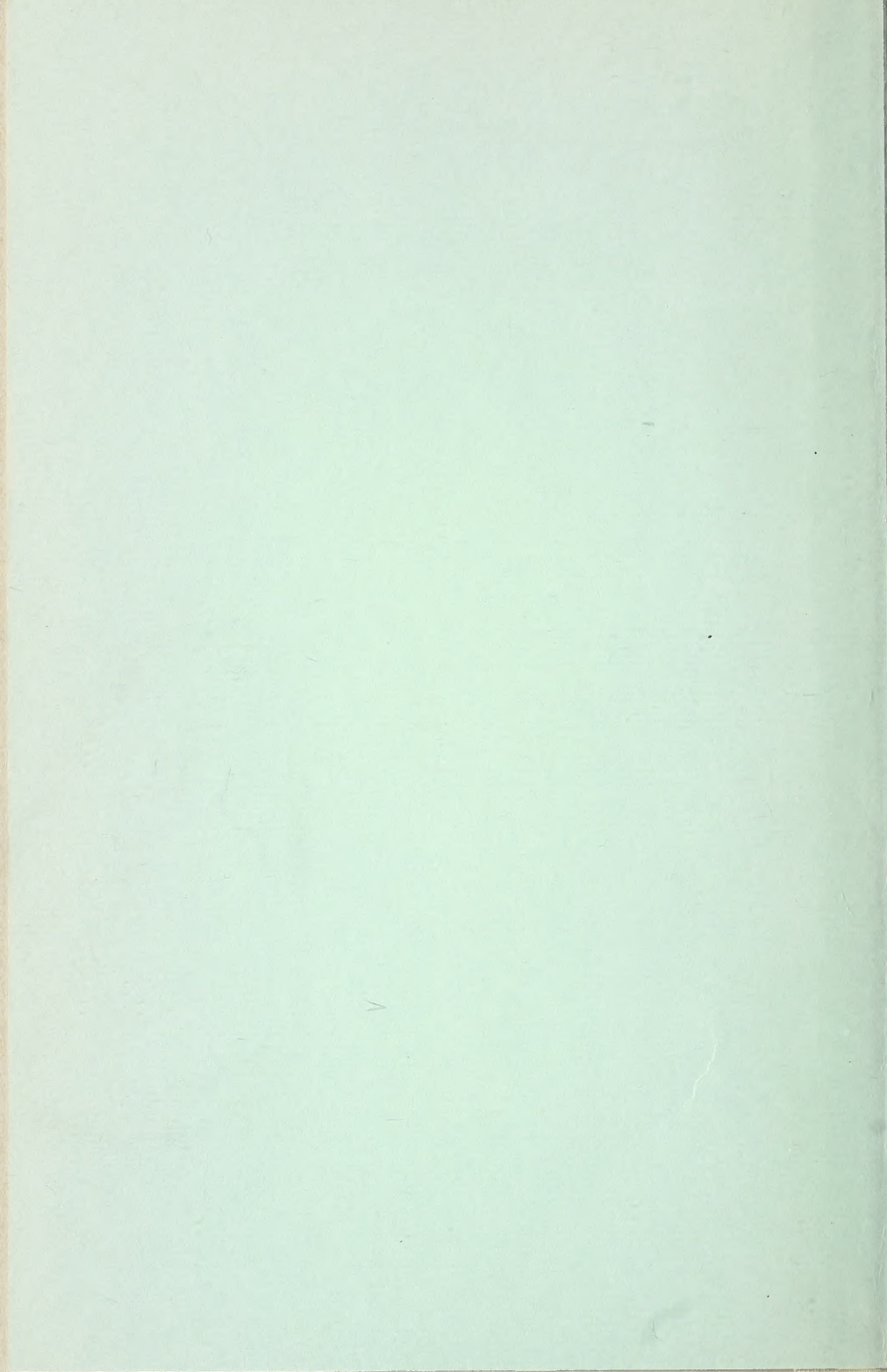
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North Carolina State Library
Raleigh

Many Are The Hearts
a play in one act



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THE NORTH CAROLINA
CONFEDERATE CENTENNIAL COMMISSION

NC

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MANY ARE THE HEARTS

CHARACTERS

Corporal Hugh Fry

commanding a North Carolina gun detachment in the Army of Northern Virginia

Tom Wetzel

Billy Mosher

Preacher Fulton

Samuel Lockin

James Friesen

members of a gun detachment

a recruit

a Union picket

TIME: Late afternoon in September of 1864

The interior of a bastion in the Confederate defenses of Petersburg. At back is a fencelike facing of upright slabs and poles, higher than a man's head, to support the bank of earth that partitions the body of the bastion from the main works. On these slabs someone has made shaky letters in pitch to spell out TRUST IN GOD & DAVIS. Toward right, inner face of bastion slopes inward and down to an embrasure, made by cutting away the work in an upright slot some three feet wide to within two feet of the ground. Down from embrasure, the face continues, almost straight, to curtain line. A man can move easily thru this embrasure.

Scene is dominated by a field piece set to face off right, muzzle several feet short of embrasure. It is an iron six-pounder, a weapon common to both sides in this war. It has seen hard service, but is well kept—a dull gray sheen to its metal, a scrubbed look to the drab-painted wood. The sponge staff rides in its clamps beneath the barrel, the hand-spike is set ready in its rings on the trail for moving the gun.

Up center against rear face, clear of the gun trail, stands a makeshift ammunition chest, made roughly but stoutly of well-nailed boards. It is lettered N STATE BATTERY, and has a double lid. Right half of lid is flung up against the slab facing. Near it, on both sides, odds and ends of equipment--rolled blankets, an old bundle in canvas, a box, a can, a water bucket, a black iron pot, several battered tin cups. A nail driven into the face supports a torn gray shirt, washed and drying, and over this dangles a haversack of heavy gray cloth with a sling strap. Off right, are the main defenses. Down left and center, more or less down from the gun's wheel, is a small fire, guarded around by stones. To right of this, an old cracker box with no crackers in it.

The gun detachment is composed of four men, variously bearded, dirty, gaunt, ragged as scarecrows. There is little of immediate suggestion that here are splendid veteran soldiers of one of the finest armies that ever existed. At the gun muzzle on the down side, leaning on it and observing through embrasure to right, is CORPORAL, gunner and acting chief of the place. He is about 33, oldest of the detachment, plain, matter of fact, efficient. On the sleeves of his shabby, gray jacket are the red stripes of his rank, the V downward. He wears a dusty brown slouch hat, looped up at left side. His beard is like a banner. His old gray jeans pants are frayed at the bottoms, with a tear exposing one knee. His toes show through his broken shoes. He wears a belt and a holstered revolver. He smokes a corn cob pipe. On the down half of the chest sits BILLY, youngest of the detachment. As number 2, his duty is to load the piece. He is about 20, hair a scalded yellow, beard no more than a hopeful fuzz. He wears torn pants, his ruinous shirt half falls from his skinny shoulders, his hat looks many times slept in. Young as he is, he's a veteran, has been to Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, has fought

in a score of big battles and many smaller actions, has seen friends and enemies blown to bloody bits. He resents being the boy of the bunch. He picks a battered banjo and sings half to himself.

On the box by the fire sits PREACHER, so called for his tireless religiosity. Tall and looks taller, so emaciated is he, but he has a bitter strength and vigor and can move quickly. His face is an unkempt bush of beard. His old hat looks like a preacher's hat, black, wide, low-crowned. Number 3 in the detachment, he serves the vent when the gun is in action and pulls the lanyard to fire on command. About 30, and married. Just now he is busy with a tin pan tilted above the fire.

Kneeling opposite PREACHER is TOM, number 1, who wields the sponge staff in action. He is the biggest and strongest of the four. He would be a giant if he had more food and could cultivate flesh on his strong bones. His shirt is ragged, the bottoms of his pants are frayed to strings, but he has trimmed his beard in an effort to look smart, and wears a feather stuck in his disreputable hat. He is loud and rough, but good humored. Kneeling, TOM takes a grain of parched corn from the pan, pops it into his mouth and chews. BILLY's music is not much louder than the hum of bees, and as TOM and PREACHER talk, BILLY plays and sings. Conversation easily tops the music.

BILLY (Singing)

The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again;
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.
But the heart throbs on as warmly now
As when the summer days were night--Oh!
The sun can never dip so low
Adown affection's cloudless sky--
The sun can never dip so low
Adown affection's cloudless sky.

TOM (His voice tops BILLY's singing)
Looky here, Preacher, ain't there anything to eat in the whole Confederate Army but a little bitty handful of parched corn? (Takes another grain) What do they think we are, a bunch of guinea hens?

PREACHER

We sopped up the last of the molasses with our parched corn this morning.

TOM (Rises)

I tell you, if the Yanks ever let us go home, I'm going to get me a whole hog and eat it to one supper. And I'll tell the first pretty girl I see, I'll say, "Honey, I love you." I won't tell her I admire her, I'll say, "I LOVE YOU," by God!

PREACHER (Gently reproving)

You don't have to swear about it, Tom.

TOM

Yes, I do have to swear about it. Swearing's near about all the comfort we've got since they took us out of the field and stuck us in these here defenses. You go on and do the praying for this here army, Preach, and leave me to do the swearing for just this one little gun detachment.

PREACHER

I do pray for the army, Tom. And I pray for you. I pray every day that you have courage and strength--

TOM

Never you mind about my courage and strength; I've got so much courage and strength I just naturally suffer with 'em. Why don't you pray for us to get some provisions besides parched corn? That's what the good Lord had ought to send us.

CORPORAL (Speaks over his shoulder)

We had an issue of beef last Wednesday.

TOM

Yes, I recollect that beef we had, Corporal. I'll warrant you it took two men to hold that there cow on her feet so another man could shoot her. I never saw such sorry beef in all my everlasting days on this earth.

PREACHER (Solemnly quoting his beloved

Bible) Man born of woman is of few days and full of sorrow.

TOM

He ain't full of rations, not in all these here Petersburg lines, and that's the true word for you all.

(Distant gunshot and a sudden prolonged swoosh of an approaching shell. All crouch involuntarily. Shell explodes somewhere. Silence a moment. Then BILLY resumes his music, picking his banjo.)

BILLY (Singing his strongest so far)
 The sun can never dip so low
 Adown affection's cloudless sky.

CORPORAL
 That was the eighth shell they flung at us so far today.

TOM
 I make it eight. That means we've got our day's ration of old iron from the Yankees. We can rest easy till tomorrow.

CORPORAL
 Unless they want to start an attack, and throw so much shot and shell and shrapnel that they won't leave a louse alive in our shirts.

PREACHER
 It's kind of late in the day for an attack, I reckon.

CORPORAL
 That's the truth. Though usually they keep that last eighth shell till along about sundown. (He glances off left. Raising voice:) Who's that yonder?

SAMUEL (Offstage)
 Is this the second gun detachment of the North State Battery?

TOM (Looking off left and calling)
 That's us, who are you?

(Enter Samuel from left. He is new to this life, a nice boy. Probably he lied about being eighteen when he enlisted, but he is well set up, though not big. His home sewn gray uniform is not elegant, but by far the best clothes of any on stage-- short gray coat buttoned to the neck, gray cuffless pants, brogan shoes, peaked forage cap such as most Confederates discarded for slouch hats early in the war. He is laden with a huge roll of blankets, a haversack, a burlap bundle, etc. Wears a slung canteen made of wood like a very short barrell. Probably he couldn't raise a beard on his smooth, ruddy face. He has good country manners, is eager, self-respecting, and anxious to fight.)

SAMUEL (To TOM)
 Corporal Fry?

CORPORAL
 I'm Corporal Fry.

SAMUEL (Salutes, palm out, Confederate fashion.) Private Samuel Lockin, sir, reporting to this detachment.

CORPORAL

Don't salute me, and don't call me sir. I'm just a corporal.

BILLY (In mocking disparagement)

Well, old Grant's plumb right about us robbing the cradle.

SAMUEL (Instantly on defensive)

I never got robbed out of no cradle, Mister. I volunteered.

BILLY

We're in a sure enough bad row for stumps if you're all they can send us. (Scornfully) Where'd you get that recruit's cap?

SAMUEL

It was my brother's cap.

BILLY

What's your brother, a drummer boy in the militia?

SAMUEL (Angrily)

My brother was a sharpshooter in the Thirty-second North Carolina, and he was ten times the man you are!

CORPORAL

Hush your fuss! You too, Billy, you wasn't any much better when you first come into this detachment. (Produces pencil and notebook) Samuel Lockin, is that it? How do you spell that last name?

SAMUEL

L--O--C--K--I--N

CORPORAL (Writing it down)

Who's your next of kin?

SAMUEL

My mother, Mrs. Anson Lockin, lives in Moore County. My father's dead.

CORPORAL

You say you got a brother?

SAMUEL (Guarding his unhappiness)

He's dead too. Got killed at the Bloody Angle last May. That's why I enlisted--the Yankees killed my brother Joe.

TOM

Bloody Angle. We was there. (Eyes SAMUEL's load of gear) You fetch along anything to eat from down home?

SAMUEL

I had me some light rolls and some ham---

TOM

Ham? Where's that ham at?

SAMUEL

I ate it up on the way here. It's a long way on the cars from Carolina. I was hungry---I'm hungry-right now.

PREACHER (Comes to offer the pan)

Have some parched corn, Brother Lockin.

SAMUEL

Is that what it is? Parched corn? (Takes some, chews it)
It's kind of crunchy.

CORPORAL

Are you the only new man they're sending us?

SAMUEL

I reckon I am, sir.

CORPORAL

I told you not to call me sir. You call the officers sir. You can put your equipment over yonder next the ammunition chest. (Watches as SAMUEL goes to do so.) What service have you had, Lockin?

SAMUEL (Putting blankets and parcels

on ground) Just the artillery training at Camp Ellis, sir.

CORPORAL

Didn't I say, don't call me sir? (Samuel, stooping to arrange his gear, is abashed) How old are you, Lockin?

SAMUEL

I'm eighteen.

CORPORAL

Sure enough? (An appraising stare) All right, you're big enough, so you're old enough. And you picked the artillery to enlist in, huh?

TOM

The artillery's the killingest service, ain't it? Kills more Yankees than the infantry. You want to kill some Yankees, is that it?

SAMUEL

I'd kill 'em all if I could. (Hangs his cap on a nail beside his canteen.

BILLY

You set a right much store by that cap, don't you?

SAMUEL (Turns toward him)

When my brother joined the Thirty-second, he got him a slouch hat like the rest of his regiment, and he sent me this cap for a keepsake. (Snubbingly) Sure I set a right much store by it.

CORPORAL (Relieving the atmosphere of hostility) Do you know the duties of the various numbers of the gun detachment when they're in action?

SAMUEL

Well---Number One sponges and rams; Number Two loads, Number Three serves the vent and Number Four fires.

CORPORAL

We've been going along short-handed here, so Preach serves the vent and fires the piece both. You'll be Number Four, but Preach keeps on with the firing duty.

SAMUEL

Number Four, yes sir.

CORPORAL (Stares in silence a moment)

Lockin, did you bring a toothbrush along with all that ton of stuff you've got yonder?

SAMUEL

Why, yes sir, I've got a toothbrush.

CORPORAL

Then the next time you call me sir, you'll take that toothbrush and you'll scrub this gun all over from nose to tail. (Pauses to let it sink in. BILLY picks a derisive chord on the banjo.) You understand what I just said, Lockin?

SAMUEL

Yes, sir---(In wretched confusion) Yes, Corporal! (He stands, shattered, CORPORAL is bleak. Others look on.)

TCM

Go dig out that toothbrush, sonny.

CORPORAL

Oh, forget it. But next time---(Baleful pause.) As Number Four, you form up to the left of the wheel there. (Touches the wheel) But when the gun goes into action, you drop back to the chest (Points) and bring ammunition. Understand?)

SAMUEL

Yes, s---Corporal!

CORPORAL (Addressing the whole detachment) Let's form up just once, to see how Lockin fits in. (Raspingly) Fall in!

(At once they form, facing upstage --TOM at stage right of formation, to rear of gun, PREACHER at TOM's right, BILLY behind TOM and covering him off. SAMUEL covering PREACHER off, CORPORAL at gun's tail and facing detachment, left. Formation is thus:

GUN

CORPORAL

TOM

PREACHER

BILLY

SAMUEL

CORPORAL

Cannoneers -- to your posts!

(At command, they face stage right and dart into position. TOM runs upstage past gun, snatches sponge staff and forms off front of gun's upstage wheel, facing embrasure, sponge staff on right shoulder. PREACHER jumps to chest and from it seizes primer pouch, slings it by strap over his shoulder to hang at left side, then moves to stand in rear of TOM, covering off and in line with knob of cascable. BILLY takes position in line with TOM, clear of front of downstage wheel. SAMUEL, moving fast but not with trained custom of these veterans, forms downstage from PREACHER in line with and downstage of cascable knob, covering BILLY off. CORPORAL has executed about face which brings him facing right behind gun, ready to grasp handspike. The detachment is formed thus:

TOM PREACHER

GUN

CORPORAL

BILLY SAMUEL

CORPORAL

We'll execute the loading without ammunition--just dumb show, for Lockin's benefit.

(TOM steps obliquely to his left with left foot, steps with right foot so as to face downstage, sponge staff off shoulder and forward toward muzzle, glances toward PREACHER who is hastily putting on leather thumbstall.)

TOM

Stop the vent!

PREACHER

Stopped she is!

(Puts thumbstall on touch hole of gun. TOM drives sponge head into bore of gun, all the way, revolves staff twice to swab. Then he brings it clear and whirls it over to bring rammer around. SAMUEL has run to chest, reaches in, pretends to take out cartridge and ball, hurries back downstage of gun. BILLY turns from gun, pretends to take cartridge from SAMUEL, inserts it, then takes imaginary ball and inserts it. TOM rams powerfully, brings staff out and to shoulder. All return to posts.)

CORPORAL

By hand to the front!

(Seizes handspike, others seize spokes of wheels, TOM using only left hand as he has sponge staff on shoulder with right)

March!

(CORPORAL lifts trail clear of ground by lifting handspike. Others turn wheels and move pieces forward. As they bring muzzle to embrasure)

Halt!

(Motion ceases. CORPORAL lowers trail and lets go of handspike.)

Ready!

(PREACHER inserts priming wire through vent with right hand, as though prick-imaginary cartridge and goes through pantomime of inserting priming tube in vent, takes lanyard from its housing on upstage side of trail and pretends to loop it to primer ring. Stands in firing position, clear of wheel, leaning with hand outstretched as though ready to pull.)

CORPORAL (Ordinary voice)

That's all right. Let's take her back, boys.

(TOM returns sponge staff to rings

below barrell. CORPORAL lifts hand-spike, others turn wheels to roll the piece back to its original position. Then all stand away. PREACHER returns priming pouch to chest.)

Lockin, you jumped to it right spry. But tell me this, when you fetch the charge, how do you carry it?

SAMUEL

Cartridge in my right hand, ball in my left. I hand Number Two the cartridge first, then the ball.

CORPORAL

That's right. That's all you need to know.

SAMUEL

Is that all there is to it? Don't we have to aim the gun-turn the screw for elevation and so on?

CORPORAL

We fire point-blank here. The fuses on all our shells are cut short. (Back at embrasure, he looks out) The main Yankee lines are just about two hundred yards away.

SAMUEL

Only two hundred yards away. (The others have moved clear of the gun.)

TOM

Their pickets sneak another sight closer than that. You better mind what you write in a letter to your sweetheart, there might could be a Yankee picket reading over your shoulder.

BILLY (Back at chest, taking up his banjo) He's not old enough to have a sweetheart.

SAMUEL (He's had about enough of BILLY's teasing) I don't reckon I'm any big sight younger 'n you.

BILLY

I've been fighting in the Army of Northern Virginia for two years, recruit. That's the difference between you and me.

TOM

Leave him be, Billy. Quit boiling over, Samuel; Billy's just having fun with you.

SAMUEL

Well, he can go have fun with somebody else.

BILLY (Relaxes good-humoredly)

Shucks, Samuel, sit down. We ain't after your hide or nothing. Don't fight us.

SAMUEL

Well, all right. (He sits down on the gun's trail)
I don't want to fight anybody but Yankees, anyway.

TOM (Stoops to shake hands with

SAMUEL) My name's Tom Wetzel. I'm from up in the mountains,
up in Madison County.

SAMUEL (Shaking hands)

I'm from Moore County.

TOM (Pointing at BILLY)

That there's Billy Mosher. He's pretty good for just a
young boy.

BILLY

I'm right glad you've come, Samuel. Tom's been hoorawing
me for a recruit for two years now. I come from Wake Coun-
ty.

TOM (To SAMUEL)

You dead certain sure you ain't fetched in no food with you?

SAMUEL

I ate up everything but my mouth-harp. (Gets up, takes
harmonica from a pocket.)

BILLY (Coming to take the harmonica)

You brought a mouth-harp, huh? Can you blow it?

SAMUEL

I been playing it all my life.

PREACHER (Coming to shake hands)

My name's Emory Fulton. I'm from Warren County, brother.

SAMUEL (Shakes hands respectfully)

Are you a preacher, Mr. Fulton?

PREACHER

No, they just call me that. I used to clerk in a store be-
fore the war.

TOM

We call him preacher because he prays for our sinful souls
and reads the Bible every day.

PREACHER

You ought to read the Bible, Tom.

TOM

Now, Preach, you know I can't read. If you wrote Tom Wet-
zel up there on them boards in letters a foot high, I could-
n't read it.

BILLY (He has been examining harmonica, now blows on it) You can really sure enough get music out of this, Samuel?

SAMUEL (As he takes it back)

Sure I can.

CORPORAL

Listen, I'm going back to report to the orderly sergeant before sundown---maybe I can get us some rations. (Starts across to L.) Tom, you're in charge here till I get back. Keep a lookout.

TOM

Sure, Corporal. They ain't apt to throw no more iron at us tonight.

(CORPORAL goes. TOM to right to embrasure, peering out. BILLY sits on chest, resuming his banjo. PREACHER gets corn to munch)

BILLY

I been picking this here banjo near about since I was born.

SAMUEL (Coming toward him)

You've had it with you all during the war?

BILLY

Oh, not this 'un. I brought one with me, but I lost it at Mine Run, and I got me another.

SAMUEL

How came you to lose your banjo?

BILLY

A Yankee shell hit the ammunition cart, and my banjo was riding on that cart. That's when I lost my banjo...when the cart blew up.

PREACHER

And three men blew up with it.

TOM (Over his shoulder, from his post of observation) That's right. Jake and Brewster White and Dick Travis. BOOM! Not enough of them left to make a burying worth while.

SAMUEL

Is that a fact? (To PREACHER) Are they making fun of me?

PREACHER

No, there's no fun in that business. This detachment's lost nine men since the war began. I mean nine dead and missing. I ain't studying how many got wounded.

SAMUEL

Have you ever been wounded?

PREACHER

I got wounded twice.

TOM

We've all of us been wounded.

SAMUEL (He is impressed. He looks at the gun) One thing I don't understand. Oughtn't this gun have teams of horses and limber and all like that?

BILLY

Them things is all back at the rear, where they won't get hurt.

SAMUEL

But what if the Yankees attacked? How would we save the gun?

TOM

We'd stay here and keep her.

SAMUEL

What if we can't? What if there's too many Yankees for us?

TOM

Then we die fighting right here, and we can't worry no more.

SAMUEL (A trifle daunted, but still curious) Tell me something, Preacher. How does it feel to fire the gun off at the Yankees?

BILLY

Don't tell him, Preach. He's learning too fast the way it is.

PREACHER

I don't know how it feels, Samuel. I don't try to know. I just pull the lanyard and fire.

SAMUEL

Well, I wish I could fire it off at them.

BILLY

Say, Samuel, how about giving us a tune on that mouth-harp you got.

SAMUEL

Sure. (Brings it out) Do you know "The Bugles Sang Truce, For the Night Clouds Had Gathered?"

BILLY

Not that one.

TOM

I don't relish them shooting, fighting songs.

PREACHER

Play us a hymn.

TOM

I knew Preach would ask that.

PREACHER

I'll tell you my favorite---"On Jordan's Stormy Banks".

BILLY (His hand to his banjo)

Play it out, Samuel. I'll get with you on the banjo. Let Preacher start us off.

PREACHER (To SAMUEL)

Blow me a note of music.

(SAMUEL plays a brief exploratory flourish on the harmonica, then strikes a chord to give PREACHER the pitch and plays along as PREACHER sings, in an untrained but tuneful voice. BILLY promptly strikes in on his banjo.)

PREACHER (Sings solo)

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye...

(BILLY joins in, then TOM, who turns half around from his post of observation)

To Canaan's bright and happy land
Where my possessions lie.

(They achieve a fairly good harmony)

I am bound for the promised land
I am bound for the promised land
Oh, who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.

BILLY (Plays a jangling break between verses, and shouts:) Keep going, Preach, that's right pretty!

PREACHER

(Solo, to BILLY's and SAMUEL's music)
Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away;

(BILLY and TOM join in chorus)

I am bound for the promised land
I am bound for the promised land

Raleigh

BILLY and TOM (cont)

Oh, who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.

(Music stops, all pleased with it.
SAMUEL smiles as he pounds harmoni-
ca on his hand to dislodge spittle.)

BILLY

I declare, Samuel, you can sure enough play that mouth-harp.

SAMUEL

I've always tried to play musical instruments. I might make
a good bluff at picking that banjo. And I used to play the
cornet--

TOM

If you can blow a cornet, how come you not to enlist for a
bugler?

SAMUEL

Because I wanted to be in the artillery and kill Yankees,
that's why. (He is gruff again. Others watch him.) My
brother Joe was the best brother anybody ever had. My daddy
died when I was just little, and Joe, he looked after me.
And the yankees killed him at the Bloody Angle.

BILLY

I recollect you said that.

SAMUEL

He was at the breastworks, and up on the other side come
the Yankees, and I've heard tell what Yankees they was.
(Bitterly) The Forty-ninth Pennsylvania--shot Joe to death!

TOM

Forty-ninth Pennsylvania.

SAMUEL

They was part of the Yankee Sixth Corps.

TOM

Sixth Corps. I've got it in mind the Sixth Corps is done
gone to the Valley of Virginia, to fight old Jubal Early.

PREACHER

That's so, Tom. (To SAMUEL) You won't get in front of the
Forty-ninth Pennsylvania here, Samuel.

SAMUEL

I wish I could get in front of them. (Grief and anger ris-
ing again) Joe whupped the first big boy ever pestered me
at school. I'd like to kill the man that killed him--I'd
like to kill the whole regiment. (He moans it, they see he
means it. Then, far off to the right, a distant voice.)

FRIESEN (Calling)

Hello-o, Johnny.

SAMUEL

What's that

FRIESEN (Same offstage effect as if in distance.) Hello, Johnny Reb!

TOM

It's a Yankee picket, out yonder between the lines. (At embrasure, makes trumpet of his hands and calls) Hello-o, Yank! What do you want?

FRIESEN

I want---more!

BILLY

What's he say:

TOM

Says he wants more. (Calls through embrasure) More of what, Yank?

FRIESEN

Sing some more of that!

TOM

Says he wants more singing.

SAMUEL (Beginning to understand this exchange with the enemy.) He won't get no music from me. (Points to gun) I'd like to play him a tune on that there six-pounder flute!

FRIESEN

Hey, Johnny! Want to trade?

BILLY

Did he say trade?

TOM (Calling)

What you got to trade us?

FRIESEN

Got some coffee.

PREACHER (With relish)

Coffee,---he said coffee! Say, I'd like that.

SAMUEL

What's all this talk about trading?

BILLY

That there Yank out yonder wants to trade us some coffee.

SAMUEL

No, sir! Tell him to get out of here with his coffee.

TOM

I won't tell him no such thing. (Calls) Hey, Yank. What you want for your coffee?

FRIESEN

Got any chewing tobacco?

TOM

Chewing tobacco? Sure--got a right much of it.

FRIESEN

Bring it out.

TOM (To others)

He wants us to fetch him out some tobacco.

SAMUEL

Look out, Tom, he's setting a trap for you.

TOM

No, son, ain't no traps when we're trading back and forth with the Yanks. (Calls) Come here, Yank. Bring your coffee. It's all right---the Corporal's gone.

FRIESEN

I told you to come out here first.

PREACHER

What's that he wants?

TOM

Says he told us to come out there first. (Calls) Hey, Yank. What color am I thinking of---red or black?

FRIESEN

Huh! (Pause, then:) Red!

TOM (Triumphantly)

No, sir, I was thinking of black. Come on in, Yank.

BILLY (Delighted)

You pulled that one on him good, Tom!

PREACHER

You shouldn't ought to play him a dishonest trick.

BILLY

Shucks, Preach, he's just a Yankee.

(Samuel steals toward embrasure)

TOM

What you up to Samuel?

SAMUEL (Excitedly)

We can get here and be ready. (Moves closer to side of embrasure) When he comes in, we can grab him before he knows what's up.

TOM

Oh, how you talk. (Gestures) Get back from here, Samuel.

SAMUEL

Look out yonder, I see him sneaking through them bushes--

PREACHER (Comes and takes SAMUEL by arm to lead him back) No, Samuel, we don't play no tricks when we bid a Yank come to us.

BILLY

We told him to come, and that means we'll let him go back. It's like a flag of truce---it's been that way all the whole war.

SAMUEL

Then this is the peculiarest war I done ever heard tell of!

TOM

Here he comes. (Leans through embrasure) All right, Yank, give me your hand, I'll help you in.

SAMUEL

I don't feel right about this.

BILLY

You hush up, now.

TOM

Mind that ditch. Come on.

(Heaves and moves backward, powerfully hoisting JIM FRIESEN in at embrasure. FRIESEN is a seasoned Union soldier in his thirties. Ruddy face, short beard, good-humored and healthy. His blue uniform--shirt, pants, cap--is weathered but in good condition; bayonet in sheath at his belt, canteen and haversack slung; carries a musket. His gray socks are pulled up over bottoms of pants and tied there with strings, gaiter fashion. As he comes in, BILLY gets him and FRIESEN hands him the musket, which BILLY leans against muzzle of gun, downstage side.)

FRIESEN

Well, you look like you're here to stay a spell.

PREACHER

We aim to stay here till your boys go away off back home.

TOM (Shaking hands)

My name's Tom Wetzels.

FRIESEN

I'm James Friesen.

TOM (Doing the honors, others shake hands as named.) And this here is Billy Mosher---you was hearing him pick the banjo. And this here is Preacher Fulton.

PREACHER

How you, Brother Friesen?

TOM (Points to SAMUEL, who has drifted away, sulking) And that there's Samuel Lockin. He's just joined up.

FRIESEN

How are you, Samuel?

(SAMUEL does not look around or speak.
FRIESEN is a trifle abashed)

PREACHER

Don't you mind Brother Lockin, he takes this war almighty much to heart.

FRIESEN

Well, so do I take it to heart. (Eagerly) Where's that tobacco you was talking about? You said you had some chewing.

BILLY (Diving into haversack handing from nail) Sure, here's some. (Turns around, with twist of tobacco in his hand) It's just home-cured, Mr. Friesen, with peaches in it.

FRIESEN

That's the best kind of chewing. (Taking it) You'll let me have this for some coffee?

BILLY (Cannily)

Well, how much coffee you got to trade?

FRIESEN (Rummages in his haversack)
Well, not so awful much. (Brings out a couple of hard tack)
Here, you want some crackers? (BILLY reaches but TOM is quicker and snatches the hardtack, gives one to PREACHER and bites into the other. FRIESEN rummages) Here we are.
Is this enough? (Produces a white cloth bag and offers it.)

BILLY

Well---

FRIESEN (Brings out a small paper package, twisted up) And here's some sugar.

BILLY

Well---All right, it's a trade.

(TOM takes coffee and sugar. FRIESEN bites off a chew. TOM gives BILLY half his hardtack)

TOM

Let's get that pot on and start boiling her right now. (During the next few lines, BILLY fetches the iron pot, puts it on the fire, TOM pours the coffee in. Great sense of amiable relish.) We got water enough?

BILLY

We got plenty.

PREACHER

You want some of this hardtack, Samuel?

SAMUEL (Shortly)

No.

(FRIESEN looks at SAMUEL, questioningly. PREACHER tries to ease the situation)

PREACHER

What's your regiment, brother?

FRIESEN

Oh, I'm new here, I've just joined up with some of the Ohio boys. (Points back offstage) I got wounded last spring. I was in the hospital and then I got a furlough to go home. When I got back here my regiment was gone, so they put me with them Ohios.

PREACHER

Too bad you couldn't stay home. Too bad we can't all stay home.

FRIESEN (Good humoredly reminding, as of an obvious fact) But you boys want to fight us, to keep your slaves.

PREACHER

Slaves? But my folks don't own any slaves.

TOM

Neither do mine. Billy's don't, neither. Samuel, your folks got any slaves.

SAMUEL (Shortly, again)

No, they don't.

TOM (To FRIESEN)

We don't none of us have any slaves among us.

PREACHER

Our cause is a just cause, Brother Friesen.

FRIESEN

You really believe that, sir?

PREACHER

I know it for a truth, brother. If I didn't believe in the South with all my heart and soul, the South could perish before I'd fight.

FRIESEN (Grins)

Well, I ain't quite that sure about things. I reckon I'm just fighting for the old Union. But I wish I was back home with my wife and family.

TOM

You a married man, huh?

FRIESEN

Yes, sir---I sure am. Got me a fine wife and two little boys. (Digs in shirt pocket and produces a tintype) Looky here, this here's a picture of my boys.

(BILLY, TOM and PREACHER come to look and admire)

BILLY

They look like right clever little fellows.

FRIESEN (Pointing to picture)

That one's Ezra, and that there other one's Billy.

BILLY (Delighted)

Hey, that's my name, too, my name's Billy. Come here, Samuel, have a look at these here young 'uns of Mr. Friesen's.

SAMUEL

No. I don't feel right about this, no way.

(As he speaks this he crosses down-stage to stand by the gun. Others move diplomatically left.)

PREACHER

I'm married too--got two chirren of my own, only they's two

PREACHER (cont)

little girls. (Proudly) Maggie and Dollie.

FRIESEN

Them's nice names. (Catches sight of SAMUEL's cap and canteen, hanging side by side) Say now, look at that cap. It's made just like my cap, only it's gray instead of blue--- (Steps toward it, hand out as though to take cap.)

SAMUEL (Glances around, speaks sharply) Leave that there cap alone. That's mine.

FRIESEN (Drawing back apologetically)

I was just going to look at it.

SAMUEL

Well, keep your hands off of it. Yankee.

TOM (Diplomatically to FRIESEN)

It belonged to his brother, and his brother got killed.

FRIESEN

Oh. (Again admiring) That canteen's a mighty clever-made thing.

SAMUEL (Truculent)

That's mine, too.

FRIESEN (Inspects, without touching)

It's made just like a little barrel--little short staves, with hoops to make it tight, and two heads, and a wooden stopper to plug it. Mighty handy fellow done that, I'll wager. (To SAMUEL) Hey, young fellow. (He is ignored) What's his name again?

PREACHER

Samuel.

FRIESEN (Approaching SAMUEL)

Hey, Samuel, how about trading me canteens? I'd like to take that one of yours home with me.

SAMUEL (Sourly)

What for, to have them little boys of yours laugh at the rebels?

FRIESEN (Keeping his humor)

No, not laugh at 'em. Admire 'em for what they can do so good. (Unslings his own canteen.) Look, Samuel, I'll trade you mine for it. (SAMUEL faces him, but does not welcome him. FRIESEN holds the canteen out.) It's a mighty good one, made of tin--covered with canvas, see? Got a screw stopper in it. It'll stand up in the field.

TOM

That's the truth, Samuel. It's a right much better one than that there wooden one of yours.

SAMUEL (Ungraciously)

All right, I'll trade. (Takes canteen and pulls away) You can go get mine.

FRIESEN (Going back for SAMUEL's canteen, speaks as he takes it and slings it over his shoulder) This will be something to remember you boys by.

PREACHER (Offers FRIESEN a small pamphlet) Here, Brother Friesen, you can have this.

FRIESEN (Taking it)

What is it? (Reads slowly) "God and the South."

PREACHER

It's a tract. It shows that our cause is a holy cause.

FRIESEN

I'll read it. Yes, sir, I sure will. (Pockets the tract. Meanwhile, SAMUEL has been examining the new canteen. Something draws him taunt. He comes toward FRIESEN holding the canteen out.)

SAMUEL

Say, Mister.

FRIESEN

What?

SAMUEL

What's this here number on this canteen--Forty-nine P.A.?

FRIESEN

That's Forty-ninth Pennsylvania.

SAMUEL (With gathering deadliness)

Do you belong to the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania?

FRIESEN

Why, I used to belong to it before I got wounded and transferred.

SAMUEL

Forty-ninth Pennsylvania--(in shrill fury) Forty-ninth Pennsylvania! (He rushes at FRIESEN)

FRIESEN (Uncomprehending)

Hey, now, wait!

(SAMUEL swings the canteen by the strap, a murderous flailing blow. FRIESEN crosses his arms to guard his face, retreating. As SAMUEL tries to

strike again, TOM jumps at him and grabs him.)

TOM

Easy, son, what you spitting about?

SAMUEL (Struggling)

It was the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania killed my brother Joe! (He writhes to get free and attack FRIESEN) Maybe YOU killed him!

TOM (Tries to subdue SAMUEL without hurting him.) Help me wrestle him, Billy, he's wigglier than a snake! (BILLY catches SAMUEL's arm, grabs the canteen as SAMUEL swirls it up again to strike, and wrenches it away.)

BILLY

Look out, Samuel, what you trying to do?

SAMUEL (Struggling furiously)

It was at the Bloody Angle--Joe got shot through the body and the head--(Struggles almost free) The Forty-ninth Pennsylvania, right across the breastworks from Joe--(BILLY moves left with the canteen. SAMUEL struggles almost free of TOM, screaming at FRIESEN.) You did it, I know you did it! You killed Joe!

TOM

Samuel, now (wrestles him violently back, right) Get back there, and stop this silly stuff!

(SAMUEL avoids TOM and BILLY, gets to FRIESEN's musket and snatches it up).

PREACHER

Look out, he's got that musket. (Charges past TOM at SAMUEL. As SAMUEL whirls, PREACHER gets hands on musket, wresting it away. TOM grapples SAMUEL, wrestling him downstage and right, and PREACHER puts musket out of the way. TOM throws SAMUEL down and pins him, threatening him with one big fist poised.)

TOM (In dead earnest)

You hush this here fuss, Samuel, or I'll drive you into the ground like a nail. Now stop taking this war so personal. Your brother Joe wasn't the only brother got killed.

SAMUEL (Trying to rise)

Joe was the only brother I had---

TOM (Shouts him down)

I had two brothers and I had a father and I had an uncle, and they all of them got killed in this here war!

BILLY (He stands above TOM and

SAMUEL) I never knowed about that. Tom.

TOM (Glances up, speaks bitterly)
 I never felt like talking about it. (To SAMUEL) My pa got killed at Manassas. And my two brothers was both killed at Gettysburg. And my uncle down at Plymouth. (Roars in his earnest fury) And I promised this here James Friesen fellow he wouldn't get hurt if he come here to see us! Now, Samuel, you going to behave?

SAMUEL (Taunt in his fury)

All right.

BILLY (Comes and bends down above them) Say it like you mean it.

SAMUEL (With tense, baleful dignity)
 I always mean a thing when I say it. I won't fight him.

TOM

Then we'll trust you. (Rising) You can get up. (Turns)
 All right, Mr. Friesen, he says he's sorry.

SAMUEL (Rising)

No--I never said I was sorry. (On his feet) I said I'd not fight him, but I'm not sorry. (Looks at FRIESEN, who stands staring, the musket in his hands) I wish I'd got that musket away and shot you!

BILLY (Tries to calm him.)

You don't mean that, Samuel. (Thrusts the canteen into SAMUEL's hands) Here, you can have this back.

SAMUEL (Stares at canteen)

I don't want his God damned old canteen! (Hurls it clattering at FRIESEN's feet) Take it to hell with you, you damn Yankee.

BILLY

Now, Samuel, you just hold on now---

SAMUEL

Oh, leave me alone! All of you. (He walks down and right, past wheel of the gun, trembling with contained rage and grief. The others look at him, embarrassed at his behavior toward their guest)

FRIESEN (After a moment, gently)

Let me try to say something to him. (He leans the musket beside the chest.)

TOM

I don't reckon I'd rile him up if I was you.

FRIESEN

He promised he wouldn't fight me. (Others watch as he walks

FRIESEN (cont.)

toward SAMUEL who keeps his back turned) Listen, Samuel.

SAMUEL (Deadly)

Don't you say nary word to me.

FRIESEN

I want to explain you something.

SAMUEL (Half turns, not quite looking at Friesen) What can you explain? Somebody in the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania killed him--my brother Joe--(Swings to face FRIESEN) How do you know it wasn't you?

FRIESEN

That's what I want to tell you. It couldn't have been me killed him.

SAMUEL

Your regiment came right up to the breastworks, shooting at Joe.

FRIESEN (Patiently)

The Forty-ninth was there all right. But I never got to them breastworks.

SAMUEL

What lying tale you trying to tell me?

FRIESEN

I'm telling you the truth. I wasn't there, Samuel. (Pauses, hoping it will sink in) I got shot before we charged. I was just about the first man of the Forty-ninth to get shot down that day. (Earnestly) That's when I was wounded. I never fired one shot in that battle.

SAMUEL (Turns away again, speaking

dully) You're lying.

FRIESEN

I got wounded right at the beginning, I tell you. For all I know, it was your brother that shot me.

SAMUEL

No, it wasn't. If Joe had shot at you he'd have killed you. He was a sharpshooter. He'd have shot you dead.

FRIESEN

We was quite a ways back from where your crowd began shooting. He might have shot from a long ways off and just wounded me, Samuel. (Pause) And I was mighty bad wounded. You ain't never been in an army hospital yet, have you?

SAMUEL

No. (But the others have been in army hospitals. They stir sympathetically as they listen)

FRIESEN

That bullet hit me just an inch too far left to get me in the heart. It went in here (Points to the place) and it come out behind. It nicked my lung and broke my ribs and split my shoulder blade. I got knocked flat, and I lay there till they come and carried me to the rear. (SAMUEL stares, wishing FRIESEN would stop talking. But he doesn't) I bled frightful. I never thought so much blood could run out of me and leave me still alive. And they plugged me up and put me on a cot--and the blood dried on the bandages. Them bandages got as stiff and sharp as a knife; they cut into me till I wanted to yell.

SAMUEL

Did you yell?

FRIESEN

I guess I was too weak for yelling. I just sort of whined. (Points again) I got a scar there you could see about as far as you can see me. And I had fever, and my wound hurt me so bad I couldn't sleep. I would hurt worse and worse, till I'd faint away. Maybe that gave me some rest. (Draws a long breath) It was mighty bad in that hospital.

PREACHER

He's saying a true word about that, Samuel. (SAMUEL shoots a glare at PREACHER, then looks at FRIESEN again.)

SAMUEL

What do I care about what happened to you?

FRIESEN

You ought to care something about a man in pain, Samuel. Any man in pain--and I was in pain, I sure was. I couldn't sleep and I couldn't eat and the fever burned me away to just bones. I could hear the doctors talking beside my cot, how they wondered each morning if I'd last till night. And it smelled mighty bad in that hospital, Samuel--I hope you never have to go to a hospital to smell how bad it is. The smell and the fever and the pain--I hope you never get to know what they're like.

SAMUEL (Plainly striving to resist the gentle tone of FRIESEN's voice) But you got well, didn't you?

FRIESEN

Yes. I fooled them doctors and got well. They gave me a sixty day furlough to go home and get my strength back. Then I came here again, and here I am. (Trying to make his point) What I'm saying all this about is, for all you or I know, it was your brother Joe shot me and wounded me.

SAMUEL (Sour)

You already said that

FRIESEN

And I want you to know that if it was him that shot me, I don't hold it against him.

SAMUEL (Miserable and furious)

You don't hold it against him? What difference does it make, you don't hold it against him! Joe's dead--shot dead!

FRIESEN

And I'm sorry about that, Samuel. I'm sorry from the bottom of my heart that he's dead.

SAMUEL

You're sorry, are you? Well, that's all you can say, you're sorry. (Insistent in his grief) Well, Yankee, being sorry ain't enough.

FRIESEN

No, it ain't. You're right about that, Samuel. But it's all I can do--say I'm sorry. And I mean it. I'm sorry about your brother. I'm sorry about every last man that's been killed in this war.

SAMUEL

That don't help much. (He turns away, shaken. FRIESEN looks at him in deep sympathy, then walks slowly back to where the rejected canteen lies, stoops and picks it up. The others watch silently, forgetting the war, the peril, forgetting all else except this situation)

FRIESEN (Returns, still making attempt at peace) Samuel? (Puts his hand on SAMUEL's shoulder. He twitches away.)

SAMUEL

Just leave me alone. Please. (That "please" is a request, not a threat. It signifies a breach in Samuel's deadly armor of enmity. FRIESEN holds out the canteen, making a peace offering of it.)

FRIESEN

Here's your canteen, Samuel, the one you traded off me. (SAMUEL turns and stares at the offered canteen. He scowls as if in pain, his eyes screwed up, his mouth tight to quell its trembling) This here is the best canteen the government makes. Look, it ain't got a leak in it. (Pushing it at SAMUEL) And it's yours, take it.

SAMUEL (Brokenly)

Yes--I reckon it's a nice canteen--(Suddenly he whirls away, leaning against the wheel of the gun, his face hidden, weeping. FRIESEN puts a hand on his shoulder, and this time SAMUEL lets it rest there.)

FRIESEN (Gently)

That's all right, Samuel. That's all right to cry. Sometimes it makes a fellow feel better. (Once more pushes the canteen against SAMUEL's hand, and gropingly SAMUEL accepts it.)

TOM (Awed)

Well, I never thought to see the like of that.

PREACHER

The Lord was speaking to Samuel's heart.

TOM

With all due respect to the Lord, it sounded to me like James Friesen.

FRIESEN (Wisely, he lets SAMUEL alone, crosses to others) You know, what got me over here was hearing you boys sing. We do that in our camps, back of the line--we sing a lot.

(BILLY, TOM, and PREACHER gather with FRIESEN gratefully easing up. SAMUEL remains where he is, the hostility draining out of him in his ashamed misery.)

BILLY

What songs you like over yonder?

FRIESEN

Well, there's "Rally Round the Flag."

TOM

I've heard that one. "Down with the traitor and up with the star---" That's us, boys we're the traitors. (A chuckle all around.)

FRIESEN

I wish there didn't have to be no more rallying around no more flags---we could go home, all of us. Then we sing "Tenting Tonight."

BILLY (He has resumed his banjo)

We sing that one ourselves. We'd sure like to hear you sing it.

TOM

Do that, Mr. Friesen.

FRIESEN (To SAMUEL)

How about it, Samuel? You want to hear us sing "Tenting Tonight?" (SAMUEL does not reply, but smiles timidly) Well, all right, why not. But you boys help me out.

BILLY (Strikes a chord)

We'll join in on it with you.

FRIESEN

All right then, get us started off.

(As BILLY plays they begin, all joining in)
We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear---

(As the chorus begins, SAMUEL comes to join the group.
He begins to sing with the others.)

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.

(They are all with it now)

TENTING TONIGHT, TENTING TONIGHT,
Tenting on the old camp ground.
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight
Tenting on the old camp ground.

(End of the song. They are close together, wrapped up in this music of their own making. FRIESEN touches SAMUEL's shoulder, and this makes SAMUEL able to speak at last.)

SAMUEL (Working hard to say it)

Mr. Friesen, I want to say---want to tell you---I didn't mean them things I said to you.

FRIESEN (Maturely understanding)

I know you didn't, Samuel.

SAMUEL

I said all that about wanting to kill you, but I didn't mean it---not even when I was saying it. (Earnestly) I ain't like that at all. I just---(Breaks off for want of words)

FRIESEN

I don't think there's any of us like that.

TOM (Weightily)

No, sir. Even if you killed a million people, it wouldn't fetch back your kinfolks or choice friends that got killed before. (Shakes his head gloomily) Won't nothing fetch them back. Never.

BILLY

Seems like this war's lasted forever, but it's got to stop sometime.

PREACHER (He quotes from the Scriptures) We shall beat our swords into plowshares, and our spears into pruning hooks.

SAMUEL (To FRIESEN)

Well---I just wanted you to know. I hadn't ought to have been mad with you---I hadn't ought to be mad at any man, anywhere.

FRIESEN

Don't let it fret you, Samuel. (They clasp hands, just a moment, without shaking, SAMUEL lets go FRIESEN's hand, looks offstage left, starts in sudden excitement)

SAMUEL

Yonder's the Corporal coming back.

TOM (Grabs FRIESEN, hustles him toward the embrasure) You better get out of here fast.

SAMUEL (Catches up musket, runs to shove it into FRIESEN's hands.) Don't forget your shooting iron. (FRIESEN fairly dives out of embrasure. Enter CORPORAL, left. They are embarrassed.)

CORPORAL (Truculently)

What you all gaping at? (They are self-conscious) (CORPORAL sniffs accusingly) What's that I smell? (To PREACHER) Where did you get coffee?

PREACHER

We traded it off a Yankee.

CORPORAL

Ain't you been told time and time again it's against orders to trade with the Yankees?

SAMUEL

Who issued that order?

CORPORAL (Withers him)

General Robert E. Lee issued that order, that's who. (To TOM) I leave you in charge here, and right off you get making friends with the enemy. (They are abashed, crest-fallen. CORPORAL approaches pot, looks in) How much coffee did he give us?

TOM (Brightening)

A right much, plenty for all of us. (Shows paper package) Sugar, too.

CORPORAL (Peering with relish into

CORPORAL (cont.)
the pot)

Well, dump it in. Sweeten her up. (TOM comes to trickle sugar in.)

PREACHER
It's near about ready. Get your cups, boys. (They do so)

CORPORAL
I ain't had no real coffee since we gobbled up that quarter-master train in the Wilderness.

(PREACHER pours for all and himself)

CORPORAL (To SAMUEL)
You got you a Yankee canteen, I see.

SAMUEL
I traded that Yank my wooden one for this one.

CORPORAL
What'll you take for it?

SAMUEL (Promptly and definitely)
I won't take nothing for it. I ain't trading it.

CORPORAL
Well, trading with Yankees is against orders. (Sips) By God, Preacher, I thought I could count on you anyways to act like a soldier.

PREACHER
I do my best most times, Corporal. And I don't never use profane language.

FRIESEN (Calling from distance, off-stage) Hello, boys.

SAMUEL
That's him, hollering at us. (Runs to embrasure, calls back)
What you want, Mr. Friesen?

FRIESEN (Earnestly shouting)
You better get back from there.

CORPORAL
What's he bellering about?

SAMUEL
He says for us to get back from here. (Calls) What's the fuss?

FRIESEN (Desperately distinct)

There's--going--to--be--an--attack.

TOM

Did he say an attack?

CORPORAL

But it's near about sundown--that's a hell of a time to attack!

FRIESEN

We're--going--to--charge--Get--back!

CORPORAL (At embrasure)

By God, he's right. You can see them crawling out of their trenches. Come on, take your posts! (Yelling) LOAD THIS GUN!

(They all drain last drops of coffee as they run to obey. They carry through as before. SAMUEL at chest, dropping his cup on his blanket roll, but he hesitates, helpless, confused)

TOM

Stop the vent, Preach.

PREACHER

Stopped she is.

BILLY

Where's that cartridge and shell, Samuel?

SAMUEL (Stammering helplessly)

Mr. Friesen--He's out there---

BILLY

Sure he is, right in the middle of it.

TOM

Where else would he be?

CORPORAL (To Samuel)

Get that ammunition up to Billy. That's an order.

SAMUEL

But---what about Mr. Friesen---

TOM (Yells)

Friesen's out there doing what he's got to do, Samuel.

PREACHER

You do what you've got to do.

SAMUEL

Sure enough, I've got to--(It hits him suddenly. He's a soldier, and he's at war, and the prime purpose of all military training, science and tactics is success in battle. He lights up dangerously.) All right. (Dives into chest, comes out clutching cartridge, a cylindrical bag of red flannel, sewed to fit the bore. In his hand is a round ball tufted with a tag of red fuse, the shell.)

CORPORAL

Hurry up. (SAMUEL races downstage of gun, hands BILLY the cartridge; as BILLY reaches for the shell, SAMUEL hands it to him.

SAMUEL

Here you are!

BILLY (Slides shell in after cartridge and jumps clear) Ram her, Tom.

(TOM does so, SAMUEL cranes to look offstage past BILLY and through the embrasure.)

SAMUEL (Yells)

Look out the way, Mr. Friesen!

TOM (Ramming and drawing sponge staff clear.) He can't hear you!

(Offstage, prolonged roll of the drum. TOM looks around)

That's the long roll! Here they come!

(A distant gunshot and a hissing swoosh of a shell in the air, then an explosion somewhere.)

PREACHER

They're shelling us!

CORPORAL

And we'll shell them. By hand to the front. March!

(They roll the gun forward to the embrasure. CORPORAL drops handspike, lowering trail)

HALT. Get back for another round, Lockin.

(SAMUEL speeds to the chest. Offstage a deep, chorused cheer.)

TOM (Looking, sponge staff raised as though for a weapon.) Looky yonder. Looks like all the Yankees in the world.

CORPORAL (Half crouches to sight along barrel of gun. PREACHER meanwhile swiftly inserts a primer tube, attaches hook of lanyard to loop of primer. CORPORAL holds crouch and yells) Are you ready?

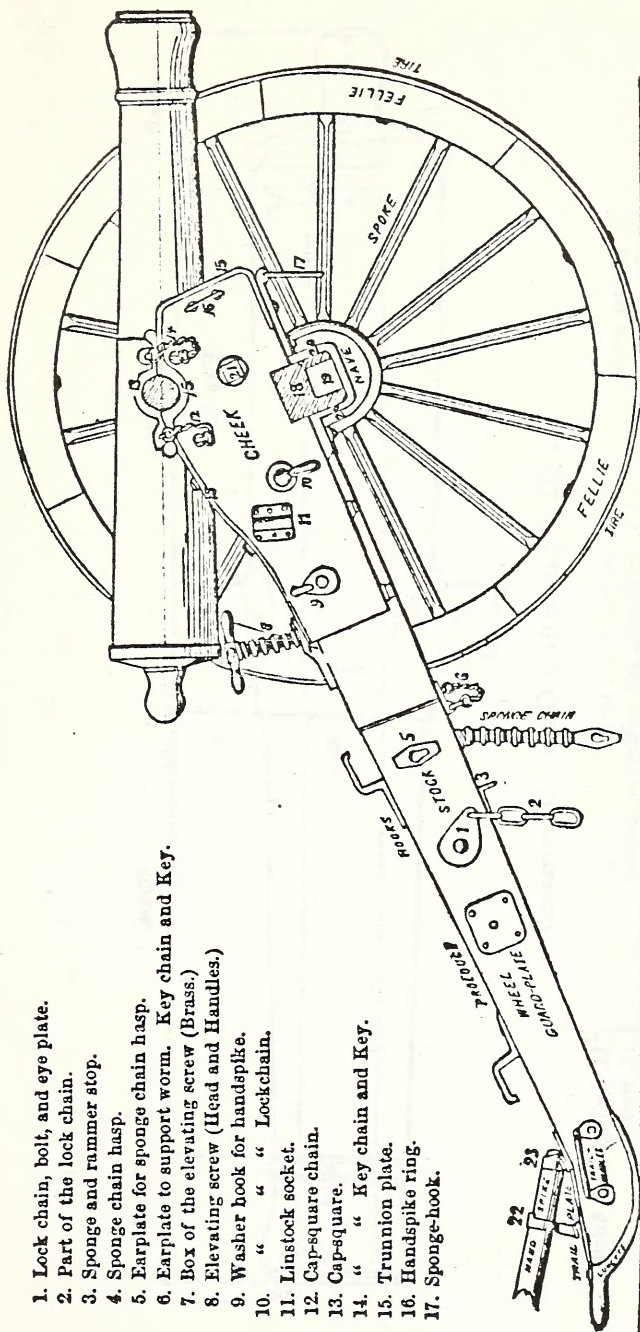
PREACHER (Draws clear of wheel, with lanyard taut) Ready!

CORPORAL (Snapping himself erect as he yells the order) FIRE!

(A flash of lurid red light at the embrasure synchronized with a loud explosion as the gun goes off.)

QUICK BLACKOUT AND CURTAIN

Fig 14.

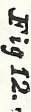


1. Lock chain, bolt, and eye plate.
2. Part of the lock chain.
3. Sponge and rammer stop.
4. Sponge chain hasp.
5. Earplate for sponge chain hasp.
6. Earplate to support worm. Key chain and Key.
7. Box of the elevating screw (Brass.)
8. Elevating screw (Head and Handles.)
9. Washer hook for handspike.
10. " " Lockchain.
11. Linstock socket.
12. Cap-square chain.
13. Cap-square.
14. " " Key chain and Key.
15. Trunnion plate.
16. Handspike ring.
17. Sponge-hook.

18. Axle body (Wood.)
19. Axle tree (Iron.)
20. Under strap.
21. Are also the extremities of the assembling bolts.
22. Large pointing-ring.
23. Small " "
- Stock. { Head, groove, trail, and the rounding of the trail.

LENGTH OVER ALL - 60 inches

LENGTH OF BORE - 54 inches



Field 6-pounder Gun. (Bronze.)

- Bruch. { Casable { 1. Base of breech.
2. Fillet.
3. Neck.
4. Knob.

- | | |
|-------------------|---|
| | 6. Bottom of the bore. |
| | 7. Horizontal and vertical projections
of vent and vent-piece. |
| <i>Reinforce.</i> | 8. Horizontal projection of trunnions. |
| | 9. " " rimbases. |
| | " " " " |
| | 10. Vertical " " trunnions |

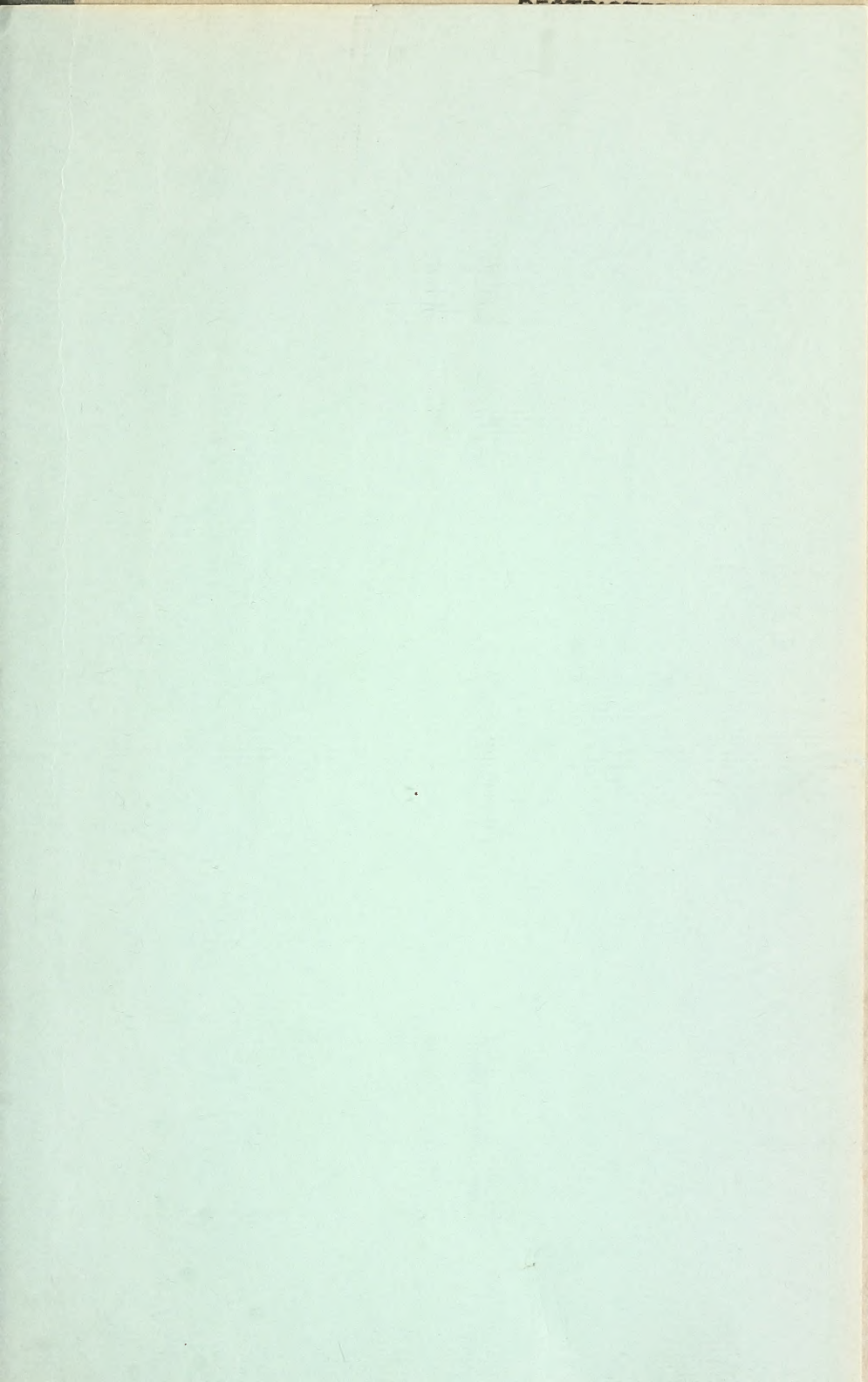
- Muzzle*. {
11. Astragut and allele.
12. Neck.
13. Swell of Muzzle.
14. Muzzle mouldings. { lip.
 { allet.



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1895





GC 812.54 W452m

Wellman, Manly Wade, 1905-
Many are the hearts; a play in one act.



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